

CD 2003 -- 97/98

Wednesday, October 9, 2003
8 pm. Walter Hall

University of Toronto
Faculty of Music
Presents

Peter McGillivray, baritone
Sandra Horst, piano

PROGRAMME

Franz Schubert

An Silvia
Emma
An die Leier
Nachtstück

Richard Wagner

O du mein holder Abendstern - from *Tannhäuser*

Jean Sibelius

Under strandens granar
Vären flyktar hastigt
Jägargossen

Leoš Janáček

Neřikal jsem to?! Malovany jak vojaček!
from *The Cunning Little Vixen*

Hugo Wolf

Fußreise
Der Tambour
An die Geliebte
Abschied

INTERMISSION

George Butterworth

Six Songs from "A Shropshire Lad"
Loveliest of trees
When I was one and twenty
Look not in my eyes
Think no more, lad
The lads in their hundreds
Is my team ploughing?

Benjamin Britten

Look! Through the Port comes the Moonshine astray -
from *Billy Budd*

Maurice Ravel

Don Quichotte á Dulcinée
Chanson romanesque
Chanson épique
Chanson á boire

All proceeds from this evening's concert will benefit the opera division

well / street scene.

Biographies

Baritone **Peter McGillivray** is a recent graduate of the Opera Division at the University of Toronto where he learned and performed many roles including the Vicar in Britten's *Albert Herring* and John Graves Simcoe in John Beckwith's *Taptool*.

During his period of study in the Opera Division, Peter was awarded the *Andrew MacMillan Scholarship* and the *Marjorie Blaser Memorial Scholarship*, both under the auspices of the *Canadian Opera Volunteers Committee*. In addition he is the proud recipient of the *Regan Grant Memorial Scholarship* and the *Wagner Society Prize*.

Presently he is a member of the Canadian Opera Company's Ensemble Studio program and makes his debut with the company as Aeneas in their upcoming production of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* this December. Other roles performed include both Mozart's and Rossini's Figaros, Don Giovanni and Gianni Schicchi. This spring he makes his debut with the Saskatoon Opera as Leporello in *Don Giovanni*.

Last Spring, he followed a win at the Kurt Weill Foundation's Lotte Lenya Competition with the first prize at the CBC Young Performer's competition as well as the audience's "People's Choice" award. He was the winner of this year's Aspen Music Festival Mozart Aria competition and was also a prizewinner at the 2002 Eckhardt-Gramatté Competition in Manitoba.

Peter is also much in demand as a recitalist with upcoming concerts with the CBC, the Arts and Letters Club, and the Opera Canada Awards in Toronto; the National Arts Centre Orchestra in Ottawa; recitals in Vancouver, Calgary and Montreal; and an upcoming Debut Atlantic recital tour of the Maritime provinces and Newfoundland.

In addition to voice studies at the University of Toronto where he was a student of Lynn Blaser, he also holds a Bachelor's degree in Canadian History and English Literature obtained from that same institution. Advanced studies have taken place at the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh, England; the Steans Institute of Chicago's Ravinia Festival; the Centre d'Arts Orford in Quebec; and the Aspen Music Festival in Colorado. He is originally from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

Sandra Horst is currently the Head Coach and Conductor for the Opera Division at the University of Toronto Faculty of Music and the Chorus Master for the Canadian Opera Company.

Recently appointed Chorus Master of Opera Theatre of St. Louis, Ms. Horst has also led the Chorus of Edmonton Opera and served on the music staff of the Canadian Opera Company, the Juilliard Opera Centre, Chautauqua Institute School of Singing, Boston Lyric Opera, the Banff Center for the Arts, Opera Saskatchewan and Opera Hamilton.

Ms. Horst's conducting credits include the Opera Division's recent production of John Beckwith's *Taptool*, the Prologue to Rameau's *Castor et Pollux*, Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*, as well as Rossini's *Il viaggio a Reims* for the Canadian Opera Company.

A graduate of Wilfrid Laurier University, Ms. Horst holds a Master of Music degree in Accompaniment from New England Conservatory, Boston, and pursued Professional Studies in Accompaniment at The Juilliard School, New York.

Because *you love* Music

The Faculty of Music is committed to providing a stimulating environment in which its outstanding resources may support not only instruction of the highest quality but also the creation of new knowledge about all aspects of music. Since May 1, 1995, numerous academic priorities funded through the Campaign for the Faculty of Music have provided the means for our pursuit of this goal. We would like to thank all who have made significant contributions to our Campaign – generous donors, tireless volunteers and longtime supporters.

DIAMOND CIRCLE

Edwards Charitable
Foundation
The Heinrichs Foundation

PLATINUM CIRCLE

The Estate of Arthur Rudolph
Plettner
The Estate of John Reginald
Stratton

GOLD CIRCLE

Anonymous (1)
Canadian Opera Volunteer
Committee
Irene Carter
Cinespace Studios
Alexander and Carolyn
Drummond
The Henry White Kinnear
Foundation
Maria and Hans Kluge
Michael and Sonja Koerner
The Estate of Greta Kraus
Dentay
Sam and Doris Lau
John B. Lawson
Che Anne Loewen
Judy and Wilmot Matthews
The Estate of Mamie May
The Estate of Ruby Mercer Por
Roger D. Moore

The Estate of Arthur Edward
Redsell
The Estate of Peter E. Sandor
William Scheide
Stephen and Jane Smith
The Estate of Judith Marie
Stephenson

SILVER CIRCLE

Clive and Barbara Allen
Anonymous (4)
Arts and Letters Club
Bank of Montreal
J. P. Bickell Foundation
Birks Family Foundation
James Briegel
Alice and Grant Burton
M. D. Cavlovic
Hans B. de Groot
Lorna Dean
The Eaton Foundation
Robert Fenn
Madeline M. Field
The Estate of James H.
Gladwell
The Estate of Gwedolen M.
Grant
Richard and Donna Holbrook
J. Peter and Hélène Hunt
The Jackman Foundation on
behalf of Edward J. R.
Jackman

The Julie-Jiggs Foundation
Phyllis F.E. Jowett
Lothar Klein
William Thain MacDonald
The Estate of Robert R.

McBroom
James K. McConica
Rob McConnell
Hugh D. McKellar
Ted and Julie Medland
Rose Montpetit
Harvey Olnick
Panwy Foundation Inc.
The Estate of Kenneth H.
Peacock
The Estate of George A. Ross
Vlasta Scheybal
The Estate of Sylvia Schwartz
Iain and Barbara Scott
The Estate of G.H. Clifford
Smith
Sam Sniderman
The Estate of Pierce Souvairan
Starcan Fund of the Toronto
Community Foundation
Joseph S. Stauffer Foundation
Women's Musical Club of
Toronto
Don Wright

As of September 17, 2003

FRIENDS OF THE FACULTY OF MUSIC

Friends of the Faculty of Music is an annual giving program offering donors of \$100 and greater exclusive benefits at the Faculty of Music. We are proud to thank those who have joined our circle of Friends for the 2003-2004 academic session as of September 17, 2003.

Virtuoso Circle

(\$5,000 - \$9,999)

The Wolfe and Millie Goodman
Foundation
Long and McQuade Limited
MBNA Canada Bank
TD Meloche Monnex

Concertmaster Circle

(\$1,000 - \$4,999)

Robert Buckingham
Nance Gelber and Dan
Bjarnason
Jones Collombin Investment
Counsel

The Audrey S. Hellyer
Charitable Foundation
Jo Lander
Stephen and Jane Smith

For more information on the Campaign for the Faculty of Music, *Friends of the Faculty of Music* or including the Faculty of Music in your estate planning, please contact Marilyn Brown at 416-946-3145 or friends.music@utoronto.ca.



CONTINUO

**for the continued support of opera
at the University of Toronto**

In an effort to provide further financial assistance in support of the ongoing activities of the opera division, we are creating CONTINUO – a monthly giving program. We are seeking 100 opera lovers to donate \$25 per month through pre-authorized credit card deductions.

Monthly giving provides a consistent and reliable source of funding for the opera division. It is also convenient for you, since you will receive a single, consolidated tax receipt for all your CONTINUO donations once a year. You can increase, decrease, pause or stop your donations at any time by contacting the Faculty of Music.

The option still exists to participate in CONTINUO for 2003-2004 with a single gift of \$300 by cheque or credit card.

To join the CONTINUO monthly giving program, make a single gift or for information on other ways to support opera at the University of Toronto such as including a provision through your estate planning, please contact Marilyn Brown at 416-946-3145.

All donations are important and appreciated. We are indeed grateful for your support.

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
- Maurice Ravel

1. Chanson romanesque

If you told me the eternal turning
Of the world, offended you.
I would send Panza:
you would see it motionless and silent.

If you told me to be bored by
the number of stars in the sky.
I would tear the heavens apart,
Erase the night in one swipe.

If you told me that the, now
Empty space, doesn't please you.
Chevalierdieu, with a lance at hand
I would fill the passing wind with stars.

But, my Lady, if you told me
that my blood is more mine, then yours.
That reprimand would turn me pale
And, blessing you, I would die.
Oh, Dulcinée.

2. Chanson épique

Dear Saint Michael, who gives me the chance
to see my Lady and to hear her.
Dear Saint Michael who gracefully choose me
to please and defend her.

Dear Saint Michael will you descend
With Saint George to the altar
Of the Virgin in the blue mantle.
Bless my sword, with a beam from heaven
And his equal in purity
And his equal in pity
As in modesty and chastity: My Lady.

O Great Saint George and Saint Michael
The angel who guards my watch
My sweet Lady, so much like you
Virgin in the blue mantle.

3. Chanson à boire

Fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady
Who, for loosing me in your sweet eyes
Tells me that love and old wine
Put my heart and soul in mourning.

I drink to pleasure!
Pleasure is the only goal,
To which I go straight... when I've drunk !

Fig for the jealous, dark-haired mistress
who moans, who cries and swears
Always being the pallid lover,
Watering down his his intoxication.

Hugo Wolf
from the *Möricke Lieder*

Fussreise (Journey on foot)

With my fresh-cut walking staff
Early in the morning
I go through the woods,
Over the hills, and away.

Then, like the birds in the arbor
That sing and stir,
Or like the golden grapes
That trace their blissful spirals
In the first morning light

I feel in my age, too, beloved
Adam's spring- and autumn-fever --
God fearing, But not discarded:
The first delights of Paradise.

You are not so bad, oh old
Adam, as the strict teachers say;
You love and rejoice,
Sing and praise --
As it is eternally the first day of creation --
Your beloved Creator and Preserver.

I would like to be given to this
And my whole life
Would be in simple wandering wonder
Of one such morning stroll.

Der Tambour (The Drummer-boy)

If my mother only knew witchcraft,
She would go with the regiment,
To France, and accompany it everywhere,
And be a food provisioner.
In the camp, around midnight,
When none but the sentries are awake
And everyone snores, both horse and man,
Then I would sit before my drum.
The drum would be a dish,

With warm sauerkraut in it,
The drumsticks, knife and fork
A lard sausage, my sabre,
My shako would be a good bumper
Which I would with burdy,
And, since I would have no light,
The moon would shine into my tent.
The moon would shine into my tent.
Even though it would shine in French,
It would remind me of my sweetheart:
Oh dear, oh dear!
Now, let's end this joke!
If only my mother knew witchcraft!

An die Geliebte (To the Beloved)

When, from the deep calm I feel at seeing your
image, I mutely take delight in your high worth,
then I properly hear the gentle breathing
of the angel that is disguised within you.

And an astounded, questioning smile springs
to my lips, as I wonder: isn't it a deceiving
dream, that now, in you, to my eternal pleasure,
my boldest wish - my only wish - is fulfilled?

To the depths then to the depths my senses fall;
I hear in the nocturnal distance of divinity
the melodious roaring of the stream of fate.

Dazed, I turn my eyes then upwards,
toward the heavens, and there
all the stars are smiling;
I kneel to listen to their song of light.

Abschied (Farewell)

Without knocking, a gentleman comes visiting
me one evening:
"I have the honor to be your critic!" [he says.]
Immediately he takes the light in his hand,
gazes long at my shadow on the wall,
stepping close and then stepping back: "Now,
my good young man,
kindly see how your nose looks from the side!
You must admit that it is a protuberance."
This? Good gracious - so it is!
My word! I never imagined my whole life long
that such a world-sized nose I bore on my face!
The man said various other things about this
and that and on my honour,
I remember no more;
perhaps he thought I should give him
a confession.
Finally he stood up and I lit his way out.
As we stood at the top of the stairs,
I gave him, cheerfully,
a small kick from behind, on the backside,
and by hail! what a jolting,
tumbling, and hobbling!
The equal have I never seen, my whole life long
of a man going so quickly down the stairs!

When the boy saw the happy foal he stealthily
went to entice him. He seized his mane
and leaped upon his back to ride him.
The sprite immediately
fled to the deeps with his prize.

Then the boy's mother came to the shore,
tearfully searching for her child.
From his halls under the water the sprite
saw the pretty woman with desire in his eyes,
wishing to entice her.

First he appeared on the shore as an old man
but the sorrowing woman fled,
Then he appeared on the shore as a youth
but the unhappy woman would not stay.
Finally he transformed himself into the happy
boy rocking amid the waves.

When the mother saw her son for whom she
grieved, she sprang toward his arms among the
billows, anxious to save him from peril.
But immediately the sprite
fled to the depths with his fine prize.

Våren flyktar hastigt (*Spring fleets fast*)

Spring is swift to fly away,
Summer is swifter,
Autumn lingers long,
Winter still longer.
Soon, o lovely cheeks,
You will wither
And bloom no more.

The boy answered her back:
On an autumn day
The memory of spring still makes us happy.
On a winter day
The harvest of summer still suffices.
What if springtime is fleeting?
What if cheeks do wither?
For now, let's just love,
For now, let's just kiss.

Jägargossen (The Young Huntsman)

The birds have gone to ground
And the leaves obscure the view.
I have not had a single shot
And it will soon be evening again.

If only winter would come
With snowdrifts in its wake,
The grouse's tracks would be easy to see
And the blackcock would perch in the tree.

And if the air would turn cool
And the leaves would fall,
I might see in the next valley
A covey of hazel-grouse.

But soon the grouse's tracks will appear
And the hazel-grouse's cover vanish –
But the one I would most like to see
Will not appear even then.

I gaze from here and she from there
But oh, we cannot meet.
If I stood as far as I can see,
I still could not see her.

Between us lie lakes and fells
And pine-clad moors,
Between us lie day and evening
And perhaps night too.

Leoš Janáček

Neříkal jsem to? Malovaný jak vojaček from "The Cunning Little Vixen"

Didn't I say so?
Bright as a soldier in uniform!
Chestnut coloured topknot –
Trim as a young lass!

Is it a fairy story or reality
Reality – or a fairy story?
How many years have gone by
Since we strode along, two youngsters –
She like a young fir tree,
He like a grey spruce?

In those days, too, we gathered mushrooms
Soiling lots of them,
Treading on them, because...
Because we were too much in love to notice
But oh, how many kisses we collected!
That was the day after our wedding,
Oh God, the day after our wedding!

If it weren't for the flies
You'd doze off in a trice
And yet I love it when the sun
Comes out of an evening
How wonderful the forest is
When the fairies come home again
Back to their summer haunts
They'll frisk along in their shimmies
When May arrives, and love!
They'll greet one another
Weeping with the excitement
Of seeing each other again
Once more they'll scatter bliss with the dew
Into thousands of blossoms,
Cowslips, vetchlings, anemones,
And men and women will walk
With heads bowed and realise
That an otherworldly joy has passed that way

Franz Schubert

An Silvia

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

Emma

Far in the misty grey distance
lies my former luck;
only on one fair star
does my glance linger with love.
But, like the splendor of a star,
it is only the gleam of the night.

Even when long sleep covered you
and death closed your eyes,
my woe still kept you alive,
and you lived in my heart.
But alas! you live in light,
and you live no longer for my love.

Can the sweet yearning of love,
Emma, can it be ephemeral?
What is gone and past,
Emma, can it really be Love?
Heavenly, glowing flame -
does it die like an earthly thing?

An die Leier (To the lyre)

Of Atreus' sons,
And of Cadmus I wish to sing!
But my strings sound out
only love in their tones.

I have changed the strings,
and I would even switch lyres!
Alcides' victory march
should roar forth in its might!

Yet even these new strings sound out
only love in their tones!
So be well, then, heroes!
For my strings will sound out,
instead of suspenseful, heroic song,
only love in their tones.

Nachtstück (Nocturne)

When over the mountains mist is spread,
and Luna battles against the clouds,
then the old man takes his harp and strides,
singing toward the forest, in a subdued voice:

"You holy night: soon it will be over,
soon I shall sleep the long sleep
that will free me from every torment."

The green trees then murmur:
"Sleep sweetly, you good, old man;"
The grasses whisper as they wave:
"We will cover his place of rest;"

And many lovely bird calls:
"O let him rest in his grassy tomb!"
The old man hears, the old man is silent;
Death has bowed before him.

Richard Wagner

O du, mein holder Abendstern

from – "Tannhäuser"

Dusk covers the land like encroaching death
Blanketing the valley with its darkling garment.
The soul, that longs to soar to the heights,
Fears its flight through the night and its horrors.
Yet there you shine, oh most lovely of stars,
And shed your light from afar.
Dusk takes its light from your beloved beams,
And kindly, you show us
The way out of the valley

O you, my lovely evening star,
How I have loved you greet you thus!
For this heart, that has never betrayed her,
Greet her when she comes your way,
Soaring above the valley of the earth
To become a blessed angel.

Jean Sibelius

from **Runeberg Lieder**

Under strandens granar (Beneath the fir-trees)

Beneath the fir-trees on the shore
a boy was playing beside an inlet of
legendary Lake Saimaa.
From his halls under the water the sprite
fell in love with the beautiful boy
and decided to entice him.

First he appeared on the shore
as an old man, but the happy lad ran away.
Then he appeared on the shore as a youth
but the happy child would not stay.
finally he transformed himself into a frisky foal
and pranced among the trees.

[please turn page quietly]